

NATURAL TREAT

(A BOOK OF POEMS)



K.M. KANTIPUDI.

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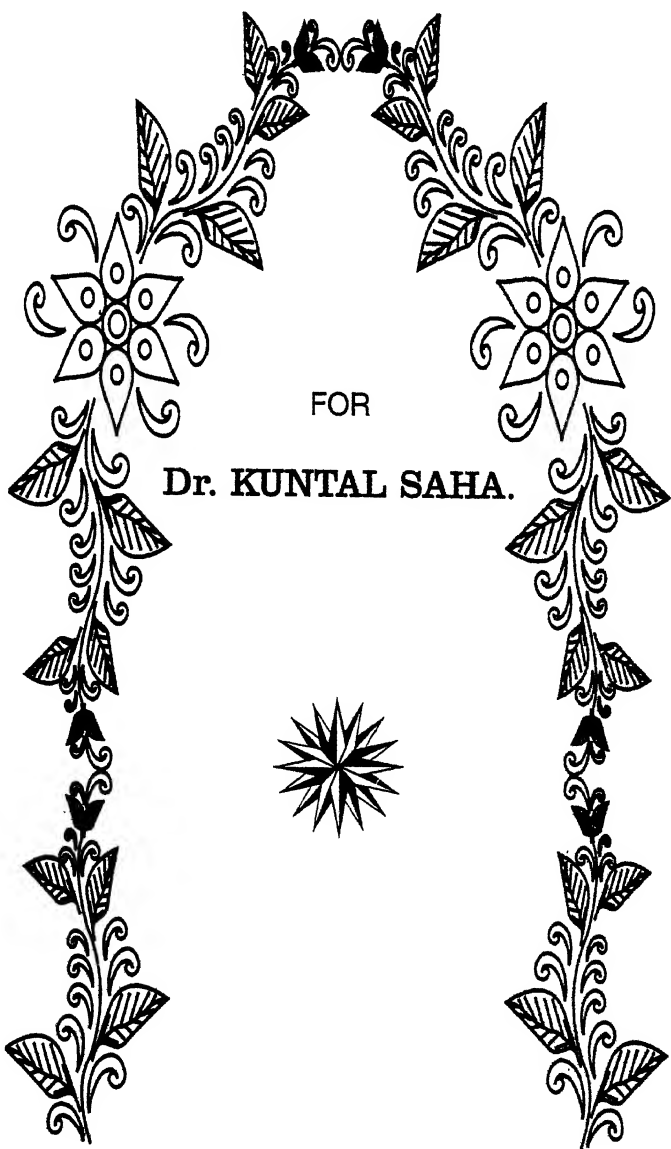
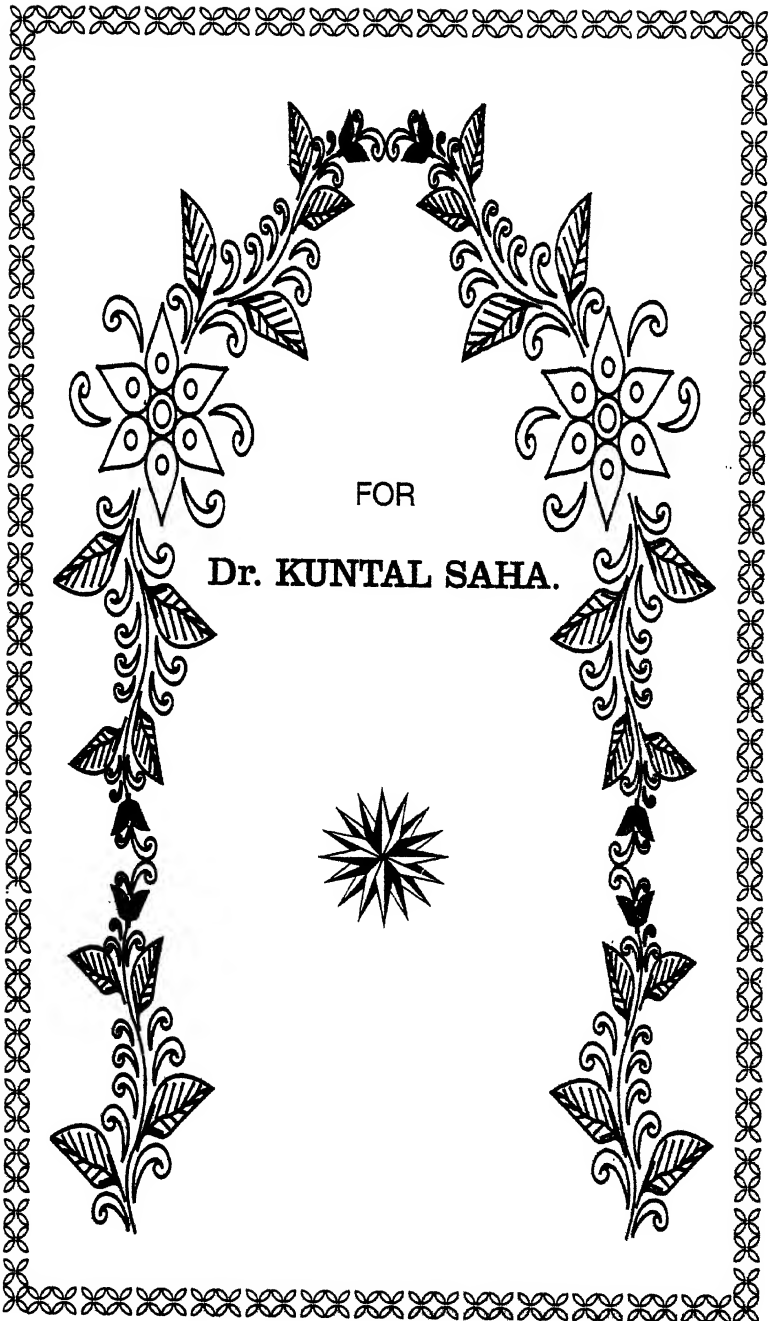
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FOR

Dr. KUNTAL SAHA.



PREFACE

A card, a post-card; twenty five paisa, a catch-penny; in letter-box, looking out, shimmers; curiously, in between feeble fingers; peeps in and out; to enthusiasm; read and re-read, again, again, to find out, in between lines; still more, more still with emotion; turn up and down, left to right, right to left, still any more, any more.

Neatly written; journeyed ten hundred kilometers; confidential and courageous; good in labour, good in mind, good in soul, good in aim; no selfish motive, no grudge nor evil intention.

A post-card; worth nothing, nothing at all; but a noble aim, a gentle spirit, a future foresight, "do", no result need; let them for the rest, next is before; a post-card uneven to any other; a message from the few, for the few; a message it is, a warning it is, an awaking spirit in debris; hammered in the society; the end forget; imbecility avail; the fire you lit, let it blaze in.

Dr. Kuntal saha, much oblige; grateful, high dedication for your simple post-card; not I only, but the wheel; a simple atom, a nuclear atom, less, less power than meagre post-card, hapenny card.

Hope I, you post cards many, to many; a simplicity to grandeur; to fulfil equanimity; live long; "life is short, fame-longer".

Kantipudi K.M.

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MAXIMS

1. Like in need, unmove vizard.
2. The grown intimacy, becomes legacy.
3. The odour and glitter never filter.
4. Let the odour and glitter remain,
Like damp and dust retain.
5. Gratitude to simple Unrelinquish.
6. Pompous of Himalayas for Natural devotion
Serenity of Kanyakumari for brain renovation.
7. Virtue and honesty disgrace,
Money and vice race.
8. A hearty word console and amaze.
9. Strong inclination defies even death,
If the notion with universal truth.
10. Innocent is beauty,
The beauty in bounty.
11. Ignorance to all a security,
Unexpand mental maturity.
12. Flourish existed good,
Then the world live longer.
13. Courage and confidence succeed in alarm.
14. The day is yours, to-morrow may be ours.
15. Say less - work more.
16. All for one - one for all.
17. No superior profession,
To confessed acme and mighty notion.
18. The needy and greedy veer out motion.
19. Unfruitful, while unduty in venture,
20. Duty inject first in human blood.



"A MOTHER'S DAY" *29-5-2002*

"Oh mummy, mummy, take me away, away,
 "Take me away, from this furious hell,
 "Unbearable conduct of my colleagues,
 "They bite, beat, scratch to bleed, those naughty league
 "Put paper wrap in my mouth to unscream,
 "One held my arms, another legs, to box,
 "Bleed from nose, punch on my face swell high,
 "Unendure ferocity and agony,
 "Better to end, better to end, to betray,
 "The atrocities of the slave of the slaves,
 "A note to warden, revenge to unconscious,
 "A saturnine glory above on me,
 "Mummy, can't stay here, take me away
 "Please mummy please, death outside, not in this hell,
 "Drag me out from fire, scratch away my food,
 "Push me into the corner, hungry and cold,
 "Mummy, please get me out from here to there".

Contd --2.

Hide her unkempt hair, bruised pale face,
Weeping and sobbing, tears from buddy cheeks,
"A mother's day, a mother's day", testing day,
"Soon get good job, then take you out from here",
From last many years, same slogan repeat,
What her affection or love in her heart?
Dumb and deaf in colour of dollar,
A mother's day, a poor mother's day again,
Steps no fast nor slow, nor happy nor gloomy,
Languid brain, unhealthy mind, heavy heart,
On the closed iron barrack, hung a board,
"Left yesterday, sped to unknown address",
No virginity nor pure and clear feeling
A baby born latter to that pale girl,
With the blood of the rude society,
With the putrid flesh of the disdained nature,
Near Stop and Sell" to leave it in the same hell.



WHIRLWIND

11-5-2002

Gathers dust unuseful to any,
 But terrifies many,
 A pupil learn many tongues in strife,
 Unuseful in course of life,
 Various thoughts injected in his mind,
 Unsound motto behind.
 Lasts no longer when reason up,
 Storm in brain, corner grope,
 In the yore, a wisdom solution,
 Marks "Caste, Caste," education.

**"ASTROLOGY"**

23/5/2002

No need to comb my unkempt hair,
 Nor need I, Distrelian Dandy fair,
 No need to sharpen nib platinum,
 Nor delicious dishes on, with rum
 In the frame of twenty seven,
 List twelve and five also stemmed even,
 I am one, I am one, in that ooze,
 Happy to win, more joy to loose.



23 ⁵/₂₀₀₂**MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!**

Purchase money, money, money,
 Only paper money, money,
 Blood, flesh and bone, on behalf,
 Not mind nor brain, because non they have,

A flying money, a flouting money,
 A rolling money, a burning money,
 A sparkling money, any, money only,
 Rooted, occupied, and expand solely,

No friend nor kith and kin or life partner,
 Nor good-wisher, nor adviser,
 All are nothing, out paper buck,
 Who sells? who purchases? to mock,

Humble honest, fidelity,
 Unpurchase money, paper money.
 Oh! look, purchase money for life,
 The money ended them in strife,

Any means, buy money, perhaps,
 Paper money melts, his hopes collapse.
 His artificial life distrust,
 Seek physic from nature enthrust.

Equanimity from holy Geetha,
 AERE PERENNIOUS aroma.



"HOPE AND FEAR"

15/5/2012

A hope to attain top high.
 A fear behind await by,
 Elevation in dreadful fear,

Struggle for joy and hope,
 If fear succeed, no scope,
 Suppress and depress rear,

Loose vitality,
 Pervades disability,
 No possess nor acquire ever.

If hope succeeds, joy-bell
 Above and beyond, tell,
 Illuminate and enlight more.

Deleanate in art,
 Bear in unframed heart,
 The moral and morale clear,

Hope and fear along path,
 Run one after, like moth,
 A courageous - - a winner.



20/5/2002

SCOPE

The seed on fertile loam of Nature sowed,
 All is not hay, all is not hay, to break,
 The yield and profit vie for high full grains,
 In their life, some to golden grapes,

Silver beans, platinum reed, lotus flowers
 But combing fingers sticky and foggy,
 In the mind of arrogant and snobbish,
 Find no Adonis, Skylark nor Nightingale.

Sharpen your mind, and finger, turn the page.
 The Nature hide in every stanza and page,
 To express "innocent is beauty" as
 Full heart with full wisdom require,

Ruminate some a "Debris, A cradle, a Boast
 "Text of Beauty", "Love's lyrical lore
 More milestones on indefinite journey
 To end the unending stream of thought.

Here and there, thorn and rocks on uneven path
 To chop fidelity and integrity,
 In life courage rocks thro, dust and pump
 On him honour bestow now or later.



THE GUINEA NOTE

9/5/2002

A day breaks, tender rays fierce on the earth sway,
A day breaks, a guinea note from me, away,

Beyond the sea, seen again the red sun,
Where is my note? where is my note? unknown,

Combing on the earth, on the sea began,
Oh, look, look there, there in the air, seen,

An effigy like floating in bright and dim,
Like flying saucer appear and not, in slim,

A kite it is, made with my guinea note,
One side dazzlies gold with silver lining plate,

Early beams reflect on to rainbow,
A mist moister drops in the air blow,

A kite it is, made with my guinea note,
Other side smeared with thick foggy soot,

Bright and glow, and dark and dim on either side,
A good mental health, a bad physic guide,

They say, in sound body - - a sound mind,
When in sound mind, - a sound body bind?



9-5-2002

CRITICISM OF LIFE

A high tech to critic, unknown,
 In constant folk in the circle reign,
 Walk in the air, swim on the earth,
 Vaults and jeers at others' calm mirth,
 A godman here, a rogue known there,
 A critic held no ball in flare,
 Fastened to high tech enclosure,
 Escape from bold and frank boister,
 Gradation from natural trend,
 Drowsy and lazy together blend,
 No need nor heed they, in the cell,
 "Criticism of Life", not known full well,
 To day, out fashion, outdated dictum,
 But in FIVE elements remain in spectrum.



20-5-2002

GOOD MOTTO

"Go and buy", seeds from the old man,
 No corpotates the decayed seed,
 Yet no desire to earn excess,
 All variety and good seeds avail.
 His honesty to earn well enough
 The yield and profit vie for high.



FIRST POEMS

1957

Oh, Goddess, lack I, remembrance,
Read and enjoy in presence,

The read like unread in obsence,
Now shake to hold encumbrance.

Search I, the matter to you, hear,
Invain effort for last years,
With your patron, council here,
Hear my prayer, to evade fear.

To reach its, height in life,
Give us the light to ripe.



THEY- DEAR FRIENDS

1957

Gone, gone, gone, the very think,
Gone, find not again the wing,
Higher and higher up they go,
Me think, down down they come still slow,.

No humour nor wit I heard,
Nor smooth nor consol bound,
Laugh, laugh they, blindly bind,
Rough and rugged in their deed.

Alter not I, bell nor music,
Mind bids organs blow, no logic.



15/5/2002 **OUT OR IN**

If I am in, you are out,
 If you are in, I am out,
 Strong mind is out, weak physic in,
 Steady body is out, feeble mind in,

When we will, once, in or out?
 Both to bounce and to bout,
 Away wheel and yarn to spin,
 A cloth to hide, out and in.



25/7/2002 **THE WALL**

Where is simplicity and equality?
 Generosity, and life's uncertainty?
 Nature' routine seasons deny and defy,
 Crushed and cured correlation relay.

Brick with brick glued with arrogance and envy,
 A line by line with ambiguity,
 In rapacity to last forever,
 Factotum debased many labour.

Debate harsh, angry and jealous to mock,
 No east nor west nor top nor down to knock,
 The wall with malignat notion design,
 Collapse only when breathe cool down sudden.



VICISSITUDE

20/7/2002

Yesterday in their beak,
 with a delicious grain, homeward flew,
 To-day in their beak,
 with odourous flower, homeward they fly,
 To-morrow in thier beak,
 with a precious ring, homeward they will fly, R/
 For whom they turn to seek,
 for chickling ! for love ! for their partner's fly !
 Past and present in sleek,
 to unknown future in dim and dark lay,
 Natural and formal stake,
 in the sand bed immortal drench to wards fly,



ROUGH COPY

22/4/20

Still a rough copy it is,
 Until arrest in golden, or silver or iron frame,
 Or engross in wisdom or in oven, in water, in air,
 Because the stream of thought flow from mind,
 Like wave after wave, day after day,
 The flow end, life breathe cool down,
 Still then, still, a rough copy it is.



22/4/2002 **SONNET - 1**

Confusion and contradiction arise,
If choice depicts unblemish drain,
The intent swarms the paths, ways to ill gain,
Satan entices on either end improvise.

In hurry and in worry the ends blaze,
The wrong and right of solemnity invain,
Indolent trend to lead to rapturous line,
But paths of choice vary in greedy range.

No need choose to new born Hindu child,
By birth to cast his caste experience craft,
Add grain to grain, leads the yore to the future.

Uneven fingers neglect not their chide,
Past valour, present deed to future graft,
What for the society linger for image !



WEST - WAY

25/5/2002

A rich to slavery for men and machine,
 Men change, machines scrape, in vain later,
 Ashame they for artificial trend lead,
 Discontent they, look for contentment,
 And soothe in saints' vision and preachings,
 Seek protection for natural felts,.

A boeing above helicopter,
 A speedy mobile beside another,
 Before iron bars, behind a screaming girls,
 A uncared wailing child, a sighing teenage,
 Around a rough and rude surroundings,
 Just a new born baby to force into.
 Sources bright, opportunies many,
 Immoral and illegal to riches,
 To be pauper, to be vagaband,
 To be terrorist, pirate or smuggler,

Avail no conductor, no instructor,
 Nor indicator nor known etiquette,
 Neither obeysance nor amicable,
 Why born none knew, born, grown, lived and died,
 For its own sake, without aim or rime,
 "No man knows what happens next, in this country",

Free and deliberate leading life,
 Living no worth, dying no basis,
 Desire and sexual pleasure for all,
 Physical force a problem in their life,
 Unregard etiquette of the public,
 Pinch mental and physical maturity,
 To prolong their heavy and light carrier,
 "Society is the factory, a mould,
 "To character and conduct of its own".

... to them live on, you I live away,
 In change, degenerate healthy mind and flesh,
 Causes to calamity and despair.
 Oh west, other side of the shore you stay,
 Don't push or force your culture to the east-way
 Yours indigestible, inimical,
 Our culture a flexible and amiable
 Over-come on it, a massacre enthrall.
 Hence lives long, as long as nature to all



EAST - WAY

9/6/2022

Unrectify, unburden to any,
 The past and the future a saints predicts,
 Arrays his vision into human, deep,
 Natural circumference exist,
 In the tumultuous climate, no saint,
 Nor pious nor gentle existence,
 A location of calm and serene,
 Realize and evolve pious and pure heart,
 And reflection of worship to great sages,
 Concentration and physical control,
 Self-suffering, self-sacrifices self-control.
 Generates Yogi or a sage or saint,
 Devotion and recite on Lord Siva,
 Unfurl pure mind and tender soul,
 For peace and prosperity and salvation,
 Flesh develops on elemental nature,
 Mind develops on the social mature.



21-4-2622
HARMONIOUS MADNESS

(I)

A man at work, at no work, at tea cup,

A patient, a doctor or a baffoon,

A child, a mother, a father, or a son,

A farmer, a merchant, or a seller,

A dancer, a twister, or a painter,

A politician, an actor, or a mob,

Oh, look, look, Don Quizote on the wooden horse,

In every mind, in every deed, enforce.

A preacher, or a teacher, a magician,

A sadist, an egoist, an aetheist,

A bold, a shy or a trouble shooter,

A lower, a upper or a middle class,

A man on top, below, beside or above,

The sand, the sea, the air the route intercross.

Oh, look, look, Don Quizote on the wooden horse,

In every mind, in every deed, enforce.

(II)

In mania, in madness, as zodiac,

Spiral around and surround all around,

Cripple the nature in pittance and whim,

Endeavour for one, fail for another,

Think and rethink, to vex and mad, put on,

Every one is mad and everbody is mad,

Oh, look,look, Don Quizote on the wooden horse,
In every mind, in every deed, enforce.

(III)

All the madness injected in my brain,
In pen, in brush, in chisel, in notes, in tone,
In occipital, in parietal, in head,
Because of my tender heart, flexible mind,
Amiable nature, easy to thwart,
Stir my feelings, shake my existence,
Oh, look, look, Don Quizote on the wooden horse,
In every mind, in every deed, enforce,

(IV)

From injected hole, burst out a tornedo,
Erupted a voleano, a great flood,
"Fureri scribandi" from nozzle neck,
Futile and fertile for vapid society,
A clear caution for innocent people,
"A harmonious madness" known for few,
Oh look, look, Don Quizote on the wooden horse,
In every mind, in every deed, enforce.



24/4/2002

THE DENOUEMENT

How to knock at preferment door?
 Fingertips hard and eyes sore,
 To turn and find out Glanvilles' book,
 No begin nor finish to seek.

Where to knock at preferments' door? R.
 Misplaced and misused in the yore,
 Dust and dirt in dispersion,
 Unfathomable depths of notion,

When to knock at preferments' door?
 The time yield sidereal sky ensure,
 Shaken sand under sturdy feet,
 The unbewilder skeleton shoot.

Why to knock at preferment door?
 Enchanting temptation for more,
 Perspicacious quest to bout,
 Array and display wisdom about.

Sophostries and divinations,
 Behind no revelations,
 To mellow glory linger still,
 Stir in between image and will.

Still search new, for leaf in the book,
 To away monotony look,
 And vain and invain effort
 To find out eventual denouement.



SONG - 1

Lucky or not am I now,
 Tell me now to clear,
 Boon or curse human to bow,
 Chase I, fatigue and fear,
 Harsh and heart weary roar,
 Smooth and tender to bear sore.

SONG - 2

Opulent they, drink to offer,
 Rich to propose feed,
 Weak to submit and suffer,
 Necessity no heed,
 Wait at design door unopen
 Hear no urgent convention.

AN ANTOGANIST

Look, an antoganist behind,
 Pulling, pushing steady trend,
 Negative and evil stir deep,
 Stubborn on to high leap,
 Shaking my notion and goal,
 To invain in future roll,
 But still more, still more firm,
 To reach my end unharm.

15/4/2022

THE BIG SON

From "nasty, brutish, cruel" theory you born,
 Or from "greedy and fear" you born somesay,
 Or for "good and joy", intention you born,
 Or for "better and self-sacrifies" you born,
 How you born, why you born, when you born?
 Oh, my dear Big Son, inseparable.

Within seconds after your unknown birth,
 With human or inhuman instinct,
 Wide span of elements five within,
 Command nature and conduct of mankind,
 If it is bitter cold, try for heat,
 If it is rain, try for felts,
 If it is wind fierce, try for wall,
 If it is severe heat, try for shade,
 If it is hungry, try and digest
 All are thwart for your well existence,
 Oh my dear Big Son, unperishable,

You dance according to the tune of nature,
 Linger unsteady and toss about,
 Deprive or disorder from plus to minus,
 Degenerate and degrade around,
 Because human flesh, rotten and fetid,

Because human thoughts, greedy, cheaty and cruel,
 Because foolish, proud and arrogant,
 Because procrastination and selfish,
 Insert, inject to dominate every hold,
 Oh, my dear Big Son, undeniable.

Death blow to man and to nature, if deny,
 Severe calamities and tragedies,
 To-day, cast off the wisdom of the yore,
 To repair and reconstruct to the last mould,
 Centuries to fulfil vitality,
 Protect and procure good physic and sound mind,
 The Big Son, with man in pert and joy,
 No burden nor confusion in their long way,
 Wish him many, for prosperous and health,
 Away from vices; then the mould for next safe,
 Evil has many ways, while good has one,
 A Hindu desires son elder,
 To protect and feed the younger,
 Hence preserve your Big Son alive,
 To away aspects negative.



24-6-2662

THE WASP

In the yellow grove of the thick hide, a hive,
 Among the hills and mountain rock caves, a hive,
 Under the sand, beside the cove, a wasp hive,
 Woven web for or of, ill motive,

Here and there, blood strains, dried or undried,
 Lord Buddha unendure consecutive,
 Inhuman human, beastly breed and trend,
 Fighters flew, shells stormed, bomb after bomb drop,
 To disperse or destroy the evil end,
 A hole, or a bone in gravel or sand,
 Agonize and terrorize the land,
 The hives shake, stir in bewilderment,
 Eager to the fray to exceed one and others,
 Oh, look, the wasp scatter and spread through out,

To immoral activities penetrate,
 Where the innocent and weak in peace and joy,
 Like a raven ravening around earth,
 Do not slake, but cruel and daring deed curious,
 To agitate the people with vengeance,
 Defective deeds, awaking night, evoking terror,
 Unheed to any, neither to Almighty nor to mob,
 Quailed not, rushed to imperious agony,
 As rude fatalist, ignore others' thoughts,
 Idiocy a prime element,
 Ply for their own unidentical aim,

The dove wings, cruel body of Griffin,
 A hive with red and bitter green woven,
 At sudden, the blue ocean into dark thick,
 Smeared the sky with soot and smoke of wings fire,
 With fetid smell, burning, over the land,
 Of venomous flesh and stinging thorn,
 Exist no where now, the hives and wasps and Wasp.



RACE

28/6/2002

Oh look, health and wealth on flexible in race,
 Who will win and gain an immortal lace?
 Others, loose foot and confidence in nature,
 And live under the shade of the other,
 The Fate, the judge of the race, command sense,
 Control on each step, impartial fence,
 Nature protect the looser with its ailment,
 To balance the society to management.



28/7/2012


TENDERS

Offer precise tenders, soft bidders welcome,
 One set by cash from haughty Dalal street,
 One more free from contemptuous Bank street,
 Both awful need, gruesome and loathsome,
 Benches wooden, more seats, more need,
 Some inside of I.T. some with felts outside,
 In anger, some broken, unshaped before,
 Unemployed millions pull and push in benches,
 Replace, repair, and new, need more seats,
 While waiting anxious hours, to gether,
 Day by day, I.T. influence around the world,
 For the job, idiots, and fools train,
 Loot their mean and hard revenue clever.

Now tenders offer for more seats, still more,
 Before big mansion, many seats need,
 To supply global centre, connect by the sea,
 For selfish aim, framed, the rules alienate,
 All over the I.T. world, need more and more,
 Still, longing innocent pupil to survive.
 A World Terrorist Organisation,
 Blown World Trade Organisation,
 A Terrorist or Trader, both refusal,
 The blood within minutes one sucks with joy,
 The other drop by drop tastes with pleasure.


No work-no feed, elevate vision and hope,
 Oh Midas Gold, not their vision nor illusion,
 For bread and butter, a mean shelter hope,

Their own lenience is, others weapon,
Others sharpen and blunted tools to chisel any,
On raising illusion, on fallen hope.
Their own greediness is lenience weapon,
A most powerful tool to swindle,
Both greediness and lenience detract,
The way of nature, implied a long ago,
Bend their heads and obey the nature.



THE NEW YEAR 1978

Let a weary year end and dig no more,
So, many may stop and many may start.
Let the clock tick, tick, again and again,
Until, the heart unbeat in pleasant ply.



FRIENDSHIP

A friend unknown to any,
Blent deeply blossoms many,
Odour and glitter, in one,
That one is mine, only mine.

